

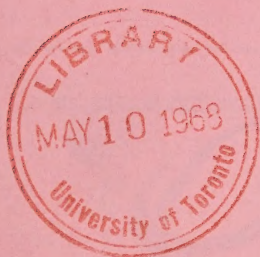
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PERIODICALS READING ROOM  
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

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# The Diamond

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V. 18 no 3

Happy  
Easter

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# THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and published by the men of Collins Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. MacLeod.

It is the aim of THE DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide the inmate population of the prison with a medium for creative expression.

## WARDEN

J.H. MEERS

## DEPUTY WARDEN

R.H. Duff

## ASST. DEPUTY WARDEN (C)

C. H. Allen

## ASST. DEPUTY WARDEN (IT.)

W. Rynasko

## EDITORIAL BOARD

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W. Rynasko

Asst. Warden (O&A)

A. J. Doerksen

Related Training Instr. (Ed.)

E. J. Stevenson

.....  
DIAMOND LIASON OFFICER.....

E. J. Stevenson

R.T.I. (Ed.)

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DIAMOND

Volume 18 \_\_\_\_\_ Number 3 \_\_\_\_\_ April 1968

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....Mike Bondett

Associate Editor...John Bootle

Art Editor.....Chuck Mullen

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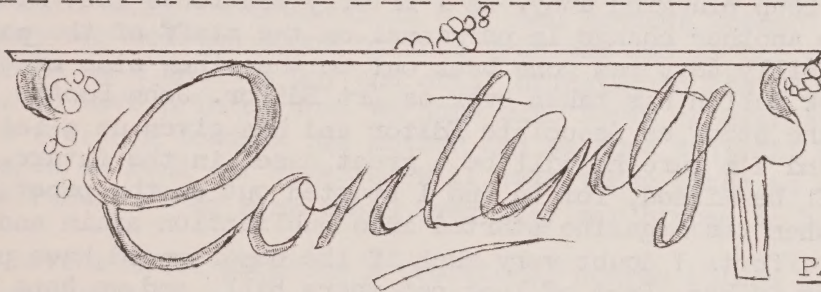
Max Kelland

George Pilarskis

Al Wildman

Richard Barlett

"Beastie"



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# From the Editor's Chair



Here we are with another issue and one that we feel is one of the better magazines. Now if we could arrive at some solution to our problem of late publication we would feel a lot better. At any rate we keep plugging away. As I briefly mentioned last month there has been another change in personnel on the staff of the paper. Our artist, Billy Kett has gone back out on the other side of the wall and Chuck Mullen has taken over as Art Editor. John Bootle has joined the staff as Associate Editor and has given us a lot of help so far and I'm sure he will be a great asset in the future. Billy Kett will be missed, for he and I started out on the paper together when the magazine started into publication again and without his efforts I doubt very much if the paper would have progressed as far as it has. Best of luck out there Bill, and we hope you make it for good.

Even with the loss of Bill and our sports writer, Sarge O'Conner I am confident that with the talent we have now we will manage to find ways to improve the paper as far as possible under the present set-up. The fact that a few more people are taking an interest in the paper is a big help also, for now the staff doesn't have to write all the articles themselves and can spend more time perfecting the quality of the publication instead of worrying about the quantity of material to be turned out monthly.

There is a new sports columnist starting with this month's issue, in the person of Max Kelland. Max has served as Commissioner of Floor Hockey for the past few months and when I asked him to write a column about the semi-finals and what not, he volunteered himself on a full time basis.

One contributor that has the whole staff wondering as to his identity is the person who signs his poems B.G.D. The poems are terrific in our opinion and we certainly would like to know the

face behind the initials if only for our own peace of mind. E.G.D. come forth!!!

There have been a few innovations this month which we hope will entertain our readers. We intend to keep making these little changes until we arrive at a format which will contain something for all of our varied readers. Any suggestions will be appreciated.

One section of the magazine this month that I think is very essential are the Mother's Day pages. This is one day that every person has to claim a connection with for I doubt very much if anyone is without a mother and one that for some time in their life they loved very much whether or not they still feel as strongly now. The trouble with being sentimental in a prison towards Mother's Day is that every one worries about other's opinions and no one wishes to be regarded as a Momma's boy and still clinging to his parents apron strings. We have printed what we hope will serve to express each person's feelings towards his mother and we hope that all Mothers' that happen to read our magazine will take these words as coming from their own son or sons where ever they may happen to be.

We have started printing a vocational course column again, the course covered this month is the Vocational Electric Course and was written by John Bootle, who, while not busily working away up in our office is studying diligently in the Vocational Electric shop. I thought it was an excellent idea to capitalize on his employment in the shop and have him write a column on a course that he is familiar with.

Easter also has its' place in our pages as this is one particular season of the year that everyone has some feelings towards in one way or another.

This month's music column sees the start of the printing of the song lyrics with accompanying chords to popular songs. It is hoped that all the musicians in here will find this of assistance. The "Beastie" figured that this might add some variety to the music heard in the Music Room. Seems like a good idea to me. Let us know what you think of it.

That is just about it for another month. I hope that everybody can find something of interest to them somewhere in this issue. Until next month then.



### THE MEANING OF EASTER

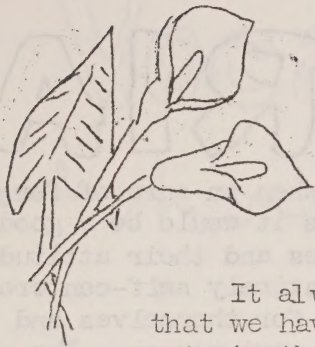
For the true Christian, Easter holds a much deeper significance than a chocolate bunny or a new bonnet. Easter is a day on which we celebrate the Resurrection of Christ from death, the great day in the Christian calendar when the redemption of the human race was completed.

It is true that Christ's death upon the cross on Good Friday was of infinite value and power in restoring us to favour with His heavenly Father. Yet we may ask, can death cure death - can death restore life? It is life that overcomes death.

It is well, then, for us to connect these two great events that accomplished our redemption - Christ's death upon the Cross on Good Friday, and Christ's glorious resurrection on Easter Sunday. His new glorified life at once means new, divine life for us. Obviously we shall have to wait for Eternity for the fullness of that restored life, but the glorious process has already begun. We are redeemed now: we are restored to supernatural life now by the death and resurrection of our triumphant Lord.

F.M. Devine S.J. Catholic Chaplain





# EASTER

It always seems a great pity to me that we have lost the ability to celebrate in the Christian Church. Easter is the greatest of the Christian festivals, and should, I believe, be the most joyful. We appear to spend far more time and effort in the observance of Lent than we do of Easter or of any feast for that matter. But Christianity is a wonderfully happy religion and Easter is the prime reason for that simple happiness. It is at this time that we commemorate the Resurrection of our Lord and of His victory over death. Without this great fact Christianity would become merely a rather superstitious form of humanism. Armed with the knowledge of the triumph of Jesus we can face the grave with hope and confidence rather than either morbid dread or mock heroism. Because of this too, we can live our lives to the full in the service of our Lord and of our fellow man, and at the same time enjoy the blessings which God has given us.

May this Eastertide be a time of joy and hope to you and your loved ones, and may it hasten the time of re-union.

Padre R. Nash,  
Protestant Chapel

# EDITORIAL

This being the season of Easter when an aura of forgiveness is supposed to pervade the air, perhaps it would be a good idea for everyone to take stock of themselves and their attitudes. Most people in the world today seem to be entirely self-centered and concerned only with what they can gain for themselves and they don't have any time to waste to consider the next person. The common method of dealing with anyone who has done a wrong to you seems to be that of doing another wrong instead of trying to understand the person and the underlying reasons for his or her actions. Once understood the act can in all probability be forgiven. This idea of righting one wrong by committing another can be seen in all walks of life today, both political and social. How many international incidents have been created simply through the following of this principle is almost impossible to determine, but I imagine that it would be a considerable number.

The only people who appear to be taking the right path are the "hippies", who, although despised and looked down on still continue to pursue a path of peace and love. The greater portion of their philosophy is taken from the major religions of the world, adapted to fit day-to-day living. The principles by which the true hippie lives are basically the principles by which Jesus and his followers lived and indeed all the major religious figures of history followed the same tenets. True, there are quasi-hippies who have caused a lot of misunderstanding and trouble among the movement but if you go right to the root of the hippie society you will discover a very good and beautiful way of life. Just think what the world would be like if everyone, everywhere took the time to worry about and help the next person along instead of trying to put him through. How many fewer wars, broken marriages, nervous breakdowns, and crimes would there be? Quite a few I feel, if the ratio of apathy to empathy could be reversed.

Are you one of the ones who feel that the only one to consider is yourself? If so, why not try to think a bit more about the next person and see if the world doesn't become a better and more beautiful place to live in!

# Vocational

## Electric Course

by John Bootle

The last electrical course was directed by Mr. G. ViPont. Unfortunately, it was never completed as Mr. ViPont left for greener pastures after four months.

The present Vocational Electric course got underway on Feb. 26 under the capable guidance of Mr. F. A. Ceasar who is, although new to us, quite familiar with his work in this field. This is the most sophisticated course here at Collins Bay, as a good portion of the theory, if not all, requires a solid understanding of math.

In the beginning, the course was expected to be more or less a basic electrical wiper's programme, the purpose of which was to train a number of inmates in certain fundamentals so that they would be able to cope with any general electrical work. So it was believed until a week or so after training began when it became known that Mr. Ceasar was pressing for a greater emphasis on theory.

Then began the grind, and the 11 enrolled trainees settled down to the brain work. Mr. Ceasar, being very understanding, and an extremely patient chap, has managed to hit home with a few of the

very advanced formuliii such as  $E = I \times R$ ,  $I = E/R$ , and everyone has found out through one accident or another that enough of the right voltage can hurt a guy. ZZAP!

Seriously though, all are doing extremely well, and Mr. Ceasar is quite ready to admit that his first class certainly measures up, or is above average. (Completely impartial opinion of course)

About 50% of the class' time is spent in the lecture room, absorbing theoretical electricity, taking notes and bungling problems, though I suppose one must err to learn. Also, practical wiring consumes 25% of an average day in the Vocational Electrical shop, one area in which all in the shop have proven to be quite adept.

The remainder of the trainee's day is taken up in Related Training in Electrical Mathematics, Blueprint Reading and drafting, under the supervision of Mr. R. Yanuik whose English is improving rapidly thanks to his class. Mr. Bauer takes care of the English Department, and with a little luck he will see to it that the class learns to appreciate a little culture and protocol. His is a rough job.

The entire course will cover 1500 hours class-time during which tests will be written periodically, and final examinations will conclude the programme. The graduates shall receive their papers stating qualifications etc. and should be well-prepared for a good job in the electrical field.

Electrical work is interesting and varied, and job opportunities are numerous and forever branching into more technically advanced areas in every walk of life.

\* \*

A sufficient commentary on human nature is that a mob never rushes madly across town to do a needed kindness.

\* \*

HIRE AN EX-CON.....

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT....

# ELECTION

The election of a new Sports and Recreation Committee took place here on April the 5th. The last committee had served their six month term which is all any committee is allowed without an election and they did quite a job during their tenure.

The election ballot this time held quite a long list of candidates and perhaps it would be better if more than five people could be elected at one time because with so many running there was bound to be a few defeated who would do a good job if they had the chance.

The committee which completed its term consisted of Bob Henderson, chairman; Vic DeBarletta, secretary; Paul Leybourne, Bob Cranney, and Bill Kett. It is to be hoped that their contributions in our behalf have been suitably appreciated.

Five inmates were duly elected this time with Bob Cranney polling the most votes and thereby filling the position of chairman. This is Bob's second term and I'm sure he will do a good job in his new post. The other persons voted in for a second term were Bob Henderson and Vic DeBarletta. The two new members of the committee are Albert Miscocia and Glen Seip.

It was a very close election in places with the difference between winning and losing being the margin of a vote. The ballots told the tale however as they reflected the desires of the inmate body in regards to their choices for Committee members.

The present Committee consists of Bob Cranney, chairman; Vic DeBarletta, secretary; Albert Miscocia, Bob Henderson, and Glen Seip. Best of luck fellas!

\* \*

You can't fool all of the people all of the time - but it isn't necessary.

\* \*

# POWER

## ITS GENERATION, TRANSMISSION AND APPLICATION

by George Pilarskis

Electric power moves this country! The computer at the office, the telephone at home, the lathe in the factory, and the street lights, all depend on electric power. In our highly industrialized society we have come to take electricity for granted. A brief look at how power is generated, transmitted and applied is important to all of us. In an age of over-specialization it is essential for one to see the entire landscape, however dim it may be in places.

The heart of all power stations is the generator. This generator when rotated will produce electricity. The manner in which power is obtained to drive the generator determines the type of power station. Steam from burning fossil fuels drives a turbine which rotates the generator in a thermal plant. Water pressure is used in hydro-electric plants to turn the turbines that drive the generator. Recently, nuclear power plants have begun to spread rapidly. Today they are in use in many countries. Heat from controlled nuclear fission (of splitting of the uranium atoms) is used to produce the steam that drives a turbine-generator. The electric power produced by most power stations is fed to a transmission rather than a distribution network. The reason for this is that most electric power is not generated at the same point where it is to be used (Niagara Falls is a good example of this). To transmit electric power, special techniques have had to be developed.

If the power companies or power distributors decided to transmit power that was of the same voltage as in your home, they would be unable to light a bulb at the end of a 100 mile transmission line. To eliminate this enormous loss of power, it has been necessary to step up the voltage at the power house before transmission. Voltages of several hundred thousand volts are common in North America. This stepping up of voltage is analogous to increasing pressure in a pipe that is to have a long run. Voltage is the pressure behind the current that travels in electric lines. The voltage is

kept at this very high level until the area where the power is to be consumed is reached. The distribution network then takes over.

The high voltage of the transmission network is reduced to much lower levels by the distribution network. Usually the voltage in the distribution network is between 2000 to 50,000 volts. Almost always, the closer the distributing system gets to the point where power will be used, the lower the voltage. For most applications low voltages are required. These range from 110 to 550 volts.

The low voltage power supplied to a consumer is used for many purposes. The main ones -- heating, lighting, conversion to mechanical energy and the operation of electronic equipment. Today a meal can be cooked with electrical power. The all-electric home, with its hundreds of electrically operated conveniences, is built in ever greater numbers. Somewhere, someone is working on yet another method of using electricity to do some job in the home that used other forms of energy in the past. Why? To send you a larger power bill, of course. Electric power company shares certainly have a bright future. We can only hope that the future applications of electric power will be wise ones, for electrical power moves this country, and it better be moving it in the right direction.

\* \*

# NOTE!

Any inmates wishing to order the "DIAMOND" to be sent out may do so by acquiring a subscription form from any member of our staff. Forms will also be available in the Library on library nights.

\* \*

What people say behind your back is your standing in the community.

E. W. HOWE

\* \*

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men.

\* \*

..



I wish that I could be with you,  
On this special day,  
Oh mother dear I wish and pray,  
And I want to say,  
I would be with you today,  
Had I not gone astray.  
I hope that you still love me mom,  
As much as I love you,  
To me you are so perfect,  
In all you say and do,  
Your hair may be getting grey my dear,  
But that means not to me,  
To my heart you are still as near,  
As your eyes are bright and clear.

by Charles Mullen





## MOTHER'S EULOGY

-by-

John Bootle

"Mom" to most of us is probably just a memory - a pleasant memory of someone who used to yell and scream and rant and rave just to make us grow up better people. Of course we were very young and couldn't understand like, -- what's wrong with swiping cookies, or, so I was smoking when I was 12, you smoked Mom.

When I think of it she knew I'd be doing my best to kick it some day, so she was just trying to save me the agony.

On May 14, all self-respecting mother's sons should pay tribute to their mothers, you know, MOM, that loving tender person who brought you into the world, gave you a name, changed your diapers, stuffed baby - mush into your mouth so you'd be big and strong and healthy and all the things your'e not; burped you, dressed you, lugged you all over the place, rocked you to sleep at night and walked the floor with you when you woke up and screamed your brat head off. After all that and much more it's only fair to devote one day a year to mother.

Mothers have been around a long time, they even had them back in prehistoric times - they were handy to have around to chop wood and cook and have baby boys. Of course times have changed, but basically mothers haven't. They still love and protect their offspring as they always have.

Remember when you busted the neighbour's living-room window with a softball and the neighbour called your mother who bawled you out until you felt like a nickel?-- What you didn't know was that when Mrs. Jones was telling your mother what a lousy kid you were, your Mom actually stuck up for you and lied 'till she was black and blue that you didn't mean to do it.

Then when you got into your teens, it was only natural to race around with your buddies in souped-up bombs and try to wipe yourself out. Poor ol' Mom sat at home and wrung her hands and tore her hair out with worry, and when you finally came home late you couldn't understand why she got so upset.

Suddenly you were on your own with no one to do all the dirty work, and before you knew it you missed her, and her apple pie and all the little things she did for you.

Then you start to learn a little about life and you begin to understand why Mom was how she was - and when I think of it - I wouldn't have it any other way, - would you?

\* \*

God could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.

ANON. (Jewish proverb)

\* \*

The angels...singing unto one another,  
Can find among their burning terms of love,  
None so devotional as that of "mother."

POE, To My Mother.

\* \*

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?  
My Mother.

ANN TAYLOR, My Mother.

\* \*





IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO ME.

IT'S RAINING ROSES DOWN.



IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO ME.

IT'S RAINING DAFFODILS.

# SPORTS

by MAX..

The regular season for floor hockey ended the last week of March with the Blades taking first place, five points in front of the second place Mohawks. The Panthers took over third spot with the Raiders in fourth and last place.

The semi-finals started on March 25th and series 'A' was between the Raiders and Mohawks. The Mohawks knocked the Raiders out in 3 games straight and here are the scores of these games:

1st game.....16 - 12

2nd game.....12 - 5

3rd game..... 8 - 2

Sarge O'Conner was the big star for the Mohawks while Dave Muchocki, a rookie for the Raiders came through with seven (7) goals for his team in one game.

Series 'B' between the Blades and Panthers was a little better brand of hockey and the fans were more enthusiastic although the series which was scheduled for three out of five only went 4 games. It was good all round floor hockey all the way. The Panthers took the first two games with scores of 11 - 3, and 11 - 6. The Blades were far from finished and came back to win the third game in twelve (12) minutes of sudden death over-time, the first over-time of the year by the way, with a goal by Pryor from just inside the center line. Now there was life left in the Blades but unfortunately for them the Panthers over-powered them and won the last game 11 - 8. Paquette for the Blades and Goudreault, Kruse, and Oulette were the stars of this series. I would also like to make mention of Venette, a rookie for the Panthers who played very well all season.

The individual award for the Most Valuable Player of this season had definitely to go to Rene Paquette of the Blades who scored 105 goals in regular season and had 14 assists also. Without him the team could never have taken 1st place.

The Rookie of the Year has been awarded to Venette of the Panthers, this had played excellent hockey all year and did very well in the point system, scoring 24 goals and 10 assists which was a good record for his first year in floor hockey. This was a hard choice to make as there were quite a few good rookies this year.

The best goalie of the year goes to Wayne Farkas of the Mohawks who played a top notch year in goal and was one of the main reasons why they took second place. Wayne had an average of 87 in his twenty-two (22) games which we consider a dam good year.

Perhaps I should have given the standings at first but anyway here they are now with the regular season over.

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WINS</u>	<u>TIES</u>	<u>LOSSES</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
BLADES	20	5	6	45
MOHAWKS	18	4	10	40
PANTHERS	16	3	16	35
RAIDERS	6	4	21	16

\* \*

The top ten scorers for the year were:

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
Paquette	105	14	119
Cranney	49	25	74
O'Conner	43	15	58
Murray	40	14	54
Gouldreault	33	12	45
Bond	24	20	44
Mills	23	14	37
Seip	25	9	34
Venette	24	10	34
Alligood	14	19	33

\* \*

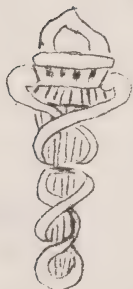
I think that we should give a vote of thanks to the referees for this year who were Cole, Antler, Hebert, Teham. Since Greasy Cole left us, Cubby Hebert was the chief referee for the last half of the season. I also would like to thank the Statistition, Time-keeper & Announcer, and Goal Judges for their help in making a good season of the past one.

New

New

\*ADVERTISEMENT\*

# OMNIPOTENT DIAMOND ELIXIR



Do you suffer from a sore throat, ingrown toe-nails, claustrophobia, epilepsy, falling sickness, cancer, polio, gangrene leukemia or perhaps leprosy. Or are you troubled by malaria, malnutrition, rickets, ring worm, fleas, scurvy, T.B., meningitis, goiters, halitosis, athletes foot baldness, or perhaps constipation, sterility, exema, paranoia, strokes, hypochondria, vertigo, anemia, St. Vitus' Dance or do you suffer from.....the inconvenience of Rigor Mortis?

MY FRIEND if you suffer from ANY or ALL of these afflictions, we are very SORRY for you and OFFER our sincerest condolences, however, we CAN not help you. BUT our PILL is a SURE CURE developed in our ULTRA-MODERN laboratories in SIBERIA and PERFECTED only short hours ago, specifically for the COMMON COLD. Unfortunately there are a few INCONSEQUENTIAL directions one must COMPLY with before we can GUARANTEE complete EFFECTIVENESS. SIMPLY FOLLOW the

UNGLAZED, UNCONSTRAINED, EASY directions on the back of the bottle.

THESE ARE:

1. PROCURE 22.5 grams of pure UNADULTERATED DISTILLED WATER FROM the BLACK SEA.
2. PLACE pure UNADULTERATED DISTILLED WATER FROM the BLACK SEA in a spun-gold GOBLET which can be readily purchased from any COSTERMONGER in the city of ATLANTIS, or from any street-corner VENDING-MACHINE in POMPEII.
3. ADD to the 22.5 grams of pure UNADULTERATED DISTILLED WATER FROM THE BLACK SEA in the spun-gold GOBLET, A PETAL from PUCK'S PANSY allowing time to DISSOLVE.
4. AFTER allowing PUCK'S PANSY PETAL to dissolve in the pure UNADULTERATED DISTILLED WATER FROM the BLACK SEA in the spun-gold, GOBLET, BY any SUITABLE means you can devise, CAUTERIZE the PILL bringing it to 2.8777 DEGREES ABOVE room temperature. THEN, using delicately balanced, precision-ground ICE TONGS, elevate the PILL and ALIGN it DIRECTLY over the CENTER of the GOBLET. Secure a KRYEONITE PLUMB BOB to the TONGS to aid in the ALIGNMENT, BEFORE PRECIPITATING THE PILL into the GOBLET.
5. stir.

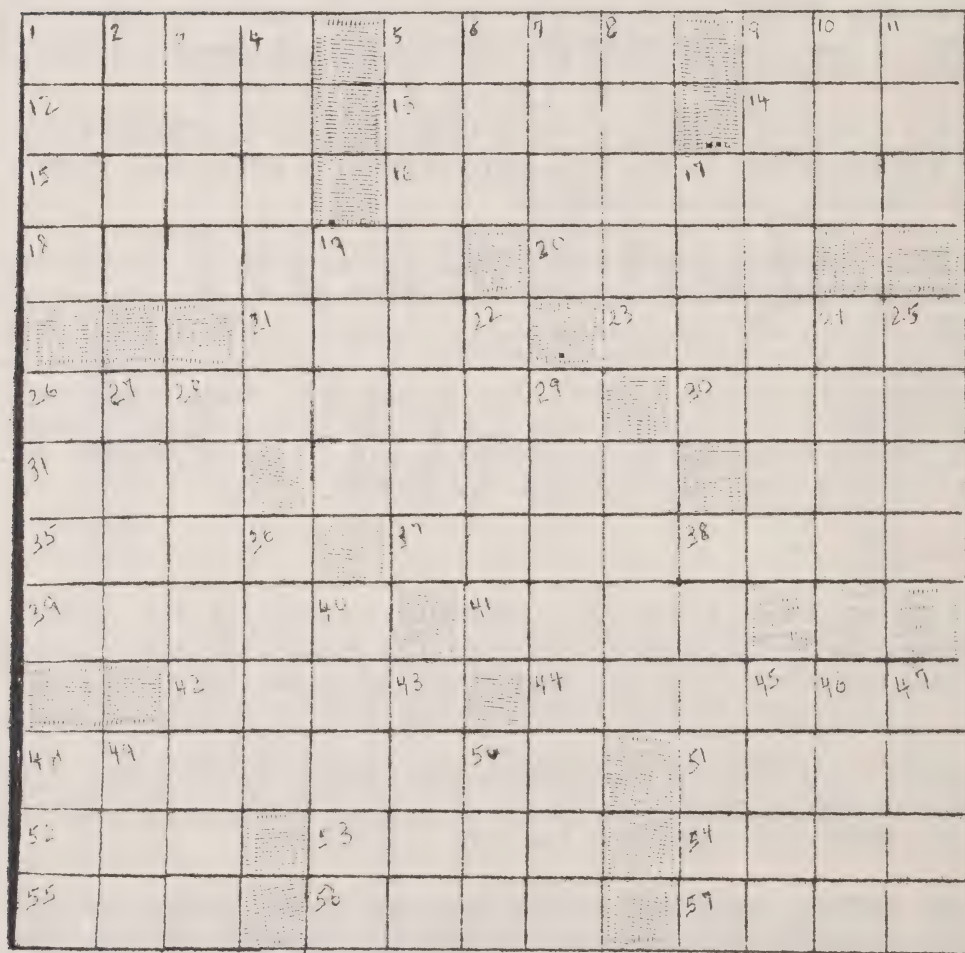
NOTE: So as not to leave you completely ignorant of the correct procedure to be followed in churning the potion, we have compiled a miniscule pamphlet of 744 pages containing all the pertinent data. This pamphlet is available at the nearest R.S.P.C.A. centre.

6. NOW!!! You PICK up the GOBLET. YES, THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS, SIMPLY RAISE THE GOBLET INTO THE AIR and with no hesitation PROCEED to the toilet, DUMP this MESS into the BOWL and FLUSH.

WE ARDENTLY HOPE THAT THE PREPARATION OF OUR REMEDY HAS SERVED TO ALLEVIATE YOUR PAIN AND SUFFERINGS? HOWEVER, IF NOT THEN WE CAN ONLY SUGGEST THAT YOU TAKE AN ASPIRIN AND GO TO BED WITH ALACRITY.

"The Editors"

# CROSSWORD



HIRE AN EX-CON

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE QUESTIONS

### ACROSS

- |                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Gone              | 34. Head (Sl.)    |
| 5. Blanket           | 35. Roarer        |
| 9. Satchel           | 37. Narratives    |
| 12. Loiter           | 39. Citrus fruit  |
| 13. Brave man        | 41. Fodder barn   |
| 14. Lemon drink      | 42. Pop           |
| 15. Wharf            | 44. Changes       |
| 16. Outer            | 48. Tomb site     |
| 18. Ogler            | 51. Afrikaans     |
| 20. Boss             | 52. Lubricate     |
| 21. Sign             | 53. Welcome       |
| 23. Status           | 54. Italian house |
| 26. Strips           | 55. Thirsty       |
| 30. Conceited person | 56. Otherwise     |
| 31. Slip             | 57. Sley          |
| 32. Singing voice    |                   |

### VERTICAL

- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Rims            | 26. Forest nook    |
| 2. Revise          | 27. Great Lake     |
| 3. Insect          | 28. Soon           |
| 4. Alarm           | 29. Friendly       |
| 5. Where (Colloq.) | 33. Brook          |
| 6. Actor Harrison  | 36. Girl's name    |
| 7. Knacks          | 38. Waver          |
| 8. Versifiers      | 40. Retreat        |
| 9. Handkerchief    | 43. Aim            |
| 10. Town in Ohio   | 45. Comfort        |
| 11. Coagulate      | 46. Estimate       |
| 17. Grooves        | 47. Toboggan       |
| 19. Discharge      | 48. Food fish      |
| 22. Hawaiian geese | 49. Mien           |
| 24. Implement      | 50. Wrong (Prefix) |
| 25. Recedes        |                    |

Answers on page 40



# Did You Know?

The first tax to be levied on the public was by Solon in the year 540 B.C.: starting an international fad that is now more popular than ever (unfortunately)..

\* \*

Paper money was first used in America in 1740, and revived in 1788.

\* \*

Those odd little cubes with dots on each side called dice, were used as far back as 1500 B.C. by those hep Egyptians.

\* \*

Tea was first known in Europe in 1610, and was brought from India by the Dutch, then the English got hold of it....

\* \*

The average European of the tenth century stood just over five feet.

\* \*

Pistols of the powder and shot type were first used in 1544 by the cavalry. It really had that hand to hand action beat.

\* \*

The king of the animals, the mighty African Lion has 17 two-inch, razor-sharp claws in each paw, and hind foot.

\* \*

The top story, (the 48th floor) of the Empire State Building sways up to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in a high wind.

\* \*

According to scientists, and some top people in the architectural field, the Leaning Tower of Pisa is due to tip to the ground near the end of this century.

\* \*



# HASTAGE

by Al Wildman

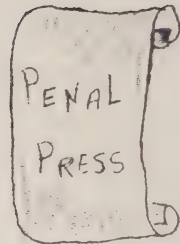
On the evening of Friday, March 29th, the Domino Theatre Group from Kingston came in and presented their latest play to the inmate population. The play was entitled "The Hostage", by Brendan Behan and the setting was Ireland, the time now, background - the continued unrest following the Irish Rebellion.

The entire play was performed in the setting of a decayed Irish rooming house. The acoustics were not the best because the play was presented in a gymnasium instead of a theatre, but for the most part the actors were able to convey the action of the play successfully by using expressions and gestures as well as oral communication. The spontaneous action and satirical humour all through the play kept everyone's interest and attention.

The only time interest seemed to sway was during a couple of the singing sessions where the songs tended to be slow and repetitious. In general I think everyone appreciated the play because aside from being humorous and easy to follow, it was also a mature and contemporary play.

Judging by the comments and the enthusiastic response both during and after the play, everyone enjoyed it and would look forward to seeing another presentation similar to "The Hostage."

# Read What Others Say



## SANDS Retires as SEVEN STEPS Prexy

Bill Sands, founder and president of the Seven Steps Foundation, retired from that high post last month for reasons of health. The 45-year-old ex-convict suffered a heart attack last year. Joe Wallace, an ex-convict paroled from the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing, was elected president.

Wallace was employed as a supervisor at the General Motors truck and coach division before he was persuaded by the directors of the Seven Step Foundation to resign his post to become a full-time employee of the organization. A year later, in 1966, Wallace returned to the state of Kansas to direct the program in that state. In 1967 he was promoted to director of the prison programs for the Foundation.

## THE SAN QUENTIN NEWS

\* \*

### HOW TO MAKE A MAN HONEST

Frank Threatt owns an iron and steel plant near Columbia, S.C. Willie Garrick is superintendent in charge of production. The connection is that Garrick was sentenced to 12 years on a chain gang for blasting a man to death with a shotgun. Threatt had this sentence reduced to 3 years and hired him on release. Willie Garrick now earns \$10,000 a year and up and regularly invests in the stock of the company. Garrick bosses a crew of men most of whom are illiterate and have prison records.

Threatt, who has always lived in the South where he was born, says that ex-cons become devoted employees, the best being murderers and rapists. But, he says, thieves do not make out so well because they plan their crimes.

Secretary of Agriculture Freeman visited the plant, which grossed \$7.5 million last year, and viewed this unique venture involving its white Southern owner, Negro production superintendent and racially mixed crew of ex-cons. He called it a picture book example of what needs to be done all over the nation.

.....THE MENTOR

\*\*\*

BRITISH MAGAZINE ABOUT CONS by Gail Gambles

LONDON (Reuters)...A new British convicts magazine contains contributions from ex-convicts, serving prisoners, probation officers and crime victims.

The first issue of the quarterly magazine, "LINKUP" now on sale inside and out of British prisons, includes an article entitled "Kin-ky for Crooks," a survey by a convict of the kind of women that associate with criminals, and a story by Swiss writer Jeanne Glutzweger.

A strong satirical vein runs through the 58 pages of the magazine which includes cartoons, pin-ups, poems and letters. Crime and punishment is the dominant theme.

On the non-criminal side, a naturalist describes the damage to bird-life caused by oil spilled from the tanker Torrey Canyon when it went aground off Southwest England, last March.

Former prisoner and editor Iain Scarlet wants to use the magazine to forge a two-way linkup through the bars of prisons.

"With the exception of one letter a week prisoners are permitted to write, all the communication is one-way," he explained in his first editorial. "Everything comes in. Little or nothing goes out."

The 36 year-old editor said, "We want to foster in people on each side of the wall a realistic appreciation of the problems and needs of men and women on the other. "

As with all publications, advertising was a problem, he said. But a bank, a publisher, two charities, and a club membership promoter took space on the first issue. Prisoners will be able to buy the magazine for about 10¢ a copy. The general public will pay about 65¢. First reaction from new readers described "Linkup" as professional, stimulating and amusing.

...TIME AND TIDE

# POETRY PAGE

## FRIENDSHIP by Anon.

Around the corner, I have a friend,  
In this great city that has no end  
Yet the days go by, and weeks rush on,  
And, before I know it, a year is gone,  
And I never see my old friend's face  
For life is a swift and terrible race.

He knows I like him just as well  
As in the days when I rang his bell  
And he rang mine, we were much younger then,  
And now we are busy tired men;  
Tired of playing a foolish game,  
Tired of trying to make a name.

Tomorrow, say I will call on Jim,  
Just to show that I'm thinking of him,  
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,  
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner, yet miles away,  
Here's a telegram Sir,.....Jim died today,  
And that's what we get....and Deserve.....in the end.  
AROUND THE CORNER A VANISHED FRIEND.

## AUNT JOAN by B.G.D.

Aunt Joan  
is made of stone  
however, not a virgin  
she eats sturgeon  
eggs  
to the dregs  
they come in kegs.

She's cold  
hard  
a slight retard  
but shrewd like a rat  
who's grown fat  
a complacent cat  
Aunt Joan.

AN EVIL MAN by Woody Whitlock

They say I am an evil man,  
    Though I pray to God above,  
To forgive me for my evil deed,  
    I shot my only love,  
There is no blood upon my hands,  
    Only hatred in my mind,  
As I spend these years in prison,  
    Put here by my own kind.  
My love was sweet and gentle,  
    She gave me the joys of life,  
And only in her absence,  
    Did I know trouble and strife.  
My one and only love was false,  
    She was very sneaky and sly,  
I found her undependable,  
    And for this she had to die.  
My love and I became as one,  
    She leaned heavenly on my arm,  
I never thought my lady love,  
    Intended to do me wrong,  
So I linger here in prison,  
    Paying for what I've been,  
The one I loved and shot,  
    Was known as Miss Morphine.

SADNESS by Anon.

Sadness is my companion,  
When you are not with me,  
By day and by night,  
It is always with me.

IMPRUIT by Anon.

I can't tell half of what I suffered then,  
In that lonely cell with its' iron grill,  
My sight got so used to locks and bars,  
It seemed on my eyes they had left their scars,  
And when I shut them in my sleep,  
I keep on seeing them still.

THE IGNORANT by Chas. Mullen

Here and there,  
And everywhere,  
People saying I don't care,  
I've got cancer so what,  
I'm just glad I'm not a nut.

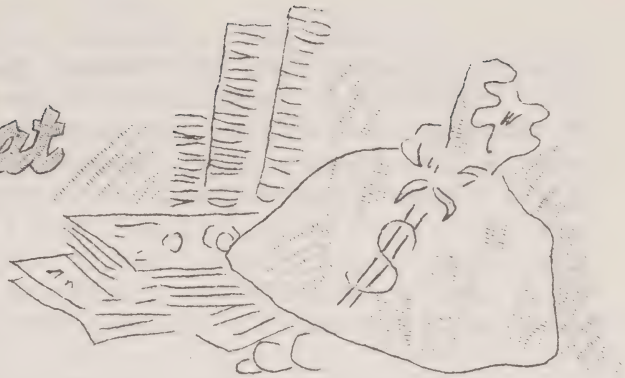
People think that they're alright,  
And they think that they're uptight,  
But they are really out of sight;  
They knock the Hippies and the Mods,  
Because they're different,  
They say they're odd.

But if these people had to mind their own,  
They'd find themselves all alone,  
They've got no use for what is new,  
And they'll argue that red is blue,  
But they're no better and I'll say,  
They will realize this some day,  
"I HOPE."

SPRING by John Harris

The time for lovers and all that brings cheer,  
That wonderful season of Spring is here,  
To tamper with spirits and nature treat kind,  
Then ease, unburden and free the mind.

# The Great Burglary



by Richard Barlett

It was a moonless November night in 1965. The place was Niagara Falls, Canada. A black Lincoln limousine curised down the river road, it's double headlights sending a warm piercing glow through the gloomy fog. The car slowed up and came to a stop about one hundred yards away from the Sir Adam Beck power dam. The door opened and a man got out. He was a menacing looking person, and was carrying a black attache case. He walked around to the front of the car and stood in front of its headlights, slowly scanning the area to get his bearings.

That afternoon this same man had arrived in Buffalo on the 3:15 T.W.A. flight 727 from Miami. He had emerged from the plane and cursed at the noticeable change in the weather as he hurried across the slushy tarmac and into the customs building.

He declared himself an electronics expert as the customs officer glanced over his attache case which contained what seemed like several transistor radios. He gave the name of a well-known electronics firm, produced credentials to that effect, joked about the weather then proceeded on his way through the attractive air terminal and outside into a waiting black Lincoln limousine.

He greeted the chauffeur cordially and ordered him to drive to the Sir Adam Beck Power Dam at Niagara Falls, Canada.

After they had crossed the customs check at the Rainbow Bridge he sat back in the plush seat of the Lincoln and let out a sigh of relief.

He was indeed an electronics expert. He was also an ex-convict, recently released from the Federal Penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas. He watched in fascination as tons of water poured over the tops of the Niagara cliffs and thought how wonderful it was to be away from the stone walls of the Leavenworth pen. He came back to reality as the driver stopped the Lincoln. They had arrived at the Adam Beck power dam. He got out and took a quick look around with a pair of powerful field glasses. Satisfied there was no one around he reached into the car for his attache case and scrambled down the bank, not one hundred yards from the power plant.

At the bottom of the embankment he opened the case and selected four of the would-be transistor radios. He attached chrome aerials to them and turned several dials until he was satisfied that they were all in proper working order. He buried them about ten feet apart in the thick mud and shrubbery around the base of the cliff. Satisfied with his job of concealment he adjusted each aerial so that it protruded six inches but was still out of sight. He climbed back up the bank and into the warm Lincoln.

Eight o'clock that evening found the man parked on a hill about two miles from the Beck dam. Once again he produced the attache case and carried it to a copse of trees. He opened it and selected two other electronic devices each the size of a package of cigarettes. He touched hidden springs on each and two small covers flipped open revealing a network of minute gauges and needles. He studied the readings on the gauges, looked at his watch, then across the river at the twinkling lights of Greater Buffalo. A few seconds later he flipped four switches on each device, studied the readings, then looked back across the river at Buffalo. Five-four-three-two-one. Suddenly Buffalo had disappeared. Or had it? All that could be seen of the great metropolis were the frightened headlights of confused cars wondering where their city had gone to.

At that same time people in most parts of Ontario and New York were scrambling for candles and flashlights. Also at the time sounded several explosions in various wealthy areas in certain major cities on the Canadian and American sides. In two large Ontario cities, two Cadillac limousines, each carrying four men, made the rounds of the financial districts and the areas of private mansions and industry. At the end of a few hours both of these Cadillacs had made enough trips, with their interiors and trunks crammed full of cash

and jewellery to buy several Queen Marys.

Most people remained calm, thinking the power would come back on at any moment. Very few realized the extent of North America's largest blackout on record. However, the professional sub-machine gun wielding criminals in the Cadillacs were aware of it and their confidence that night was infinite as they put their talents to use at several choice spots.

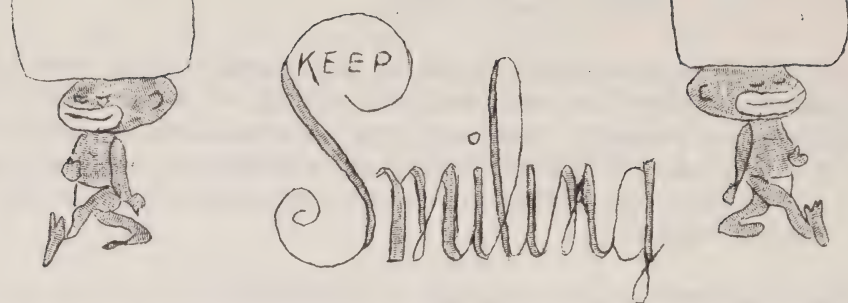
Many amateur criminals, hearing the muffled explosions of several dynamited bank vaults caught the play and decided to get in on the action. Soon the air was filled with the shrill sounds of police whistles and smashing glass as the looters went wild in their hunt for valuables.

Several hours later the electronics expert returned to his secluded spot on the cliff and once again studied the luminous dials on his amazing gadget. He pressed a button and turned a switch at intervals of a few seconds and on the sixth flick of the switch there sounded four explosions one after another. Suddenly the sky over the Adam Beck power dam was lit up with pink flame which seemed to be coming from the bank where the man had previously buried the four gadgets. The four pink flames flew out over the river and disintegrated. At the same time Buffalo's lights came back on. The city looked as if it had been there all the time.

Twenty-four hours later our learned friend was sitting in his Nassau Hotel room. On either side of him was a gorgeous platinum blonde clad only in the briefest of bikinis. The three of them were on the floor counting three hundred and twenty-five thousand American dollars. On the spacious double bed were several leading newspapers, and on the covers of all of them were wild headlines telling fantastic stories of looting and shooting in the dark of the night before.

Our friend got up and appraised himself in the mirror. He turned around and looked at the two girls, then at the money which they were greedily sifting. He began to laugh out loud until tears ran down his face.

Can you blame our friend for feeling good? Did all this really happen or is it a figment of somebody's imagination? Well, maybe we'll find out for sure when our friend runs short of funds.



A young groom whose wife had continuously rejected his amorous advances finally went to the doctor with his problem.

"Doc, I'm worried that my marriage is going on the rocks," the young man ended his story.

"Well son," the old doc confided, "just give her one of these tablets each day and your worries will be over."

"But I'm afraid that she won't take them."

"Nothing simpler, just slip them in her favourite beverage," the old doc said.

That evening the young groom said, "Honey, how about a cup of coffee?"

"Sure honey," his wife replied.

He secretly slipped not one, but two pills into the coffee. Then thinking he should have put only one in, he took one himself.

A short time after drinking the coffee his bride began to grow restless and finally proclaimed, "Honey, I need a man."

The young groom squirmed, then said, "That's strange, so do I."  
\* \*

"I want some invisible hair nets for my wife," said a customer.

"Here you are sir. That will be twenty-five cents."

"Are you sure they're invisible?"

"Invisible!" exclaimed the salesman. "Why, I've been selling them all morning and we've been out of stock for nearly two weeks."

The children had all been photographed and the teacher was trying to persuade them each to buy a copy of the group picture.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say, "There's Rose; she's married," or "That's Har old; he's a sailor."

A small voice at the back of the room piped up with, "And there's teacher; she's dead."

\*\*\*

M. le Vicomte Sorigny, a distinguished member of the French Embassy, was present at the silver-wedding anniversary celebration of a bishop. Leaning over to his neighbour, the bishop's nephew, the Vicomte asked, 'sotto voice': "Tell me, what is this silver wedding which we celebrate? I do not quite understand."

"Oh," replied the bishop's nephew, "don't you know? Why, my uncle and aunt have lived together for 25 years without ever being seperated."

"Ah," exclaimed the diplomat heartily, "and now he marry her? Br-rave!"

\*\*\*

"It's being rumoured around town that you and your husband aren't getting along too well."

"Nonsense. We did have some words, and I shot him. But that's as far as it went."

\*\*\*

Client (telephoning from prison): "They've shaved my head, cut a slit in my pants, and rolled up my sleeves. Now what will I do?"

Lawyer: "My advice to you is that no matter what you do, don't sit down."

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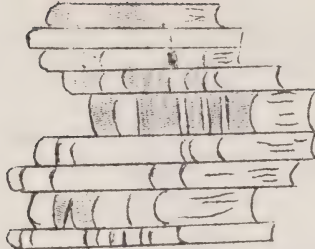
STRATEGY: Usually darn poor judgment that happens to work out all right.

\*\*\*

SUGAR DADDY: A form of crystallized sap.

\*\*\*

GREAT TIMESAVER: Love at first sight.



# BOOKS

MIKE BONDETT.

It is time for the culture column again. (See how nicely I used alliteration) Every once in a while I get carried away with some of the poetic devices and people can't tell whether I am writing prose or poetry. At any rate, here another month has fled rapidly and I'm up against a wall trying to get this column written. The books reviewed this month are fairly good literature, both of which were written by excellent authors. The book, "Execution", while the author of it is not familiar to me, I certainly wouldn't hesitate to read any of his other works if "Execution" is a fair example of his talent.

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT: by John Steinbeck

This is one of Steinbeck's major works and for any Steinbeck aficionado will be well worth reading.

The story takes place mainly between Good Friday and just after the Fourth of July, 1960 and it is set on the northeastern seaboard. It is the story of well-born people from good society.

Ethan Allen Hawley is an heir to the upright New English tradition whose forbearers were sea-captains and men of property. Ethan finds himself reduced to working in a grocery store. His wife is dissatisfied; his teen-aged children in addition to being naturally restless, are also impatient for more of the worldly goods they feel they deserve. Ethan is aware of the underhanded dealings that go on in commerce. He also knows that many of the town's better people couldn't bear a close scrutiny concerning how the family wealth was accumulated. Ethan decides to set scruples aside and acquire some of the material goods of the world for himself and his dependants.

The slow unfolding of his plans show a great ingenuity and how he finds success within his grasp only to have everything turn to ashes is a touching and compelling story.

This novel attacks many of the shoddy standards regarding honesty and success nowadays. A very interesting book written by an excellent story teller.

EXECUTION by Colin McDougall

This is the story of the infantry at war in Italy. The book deals with events during W.W. II from the first days in sunny Sicily to the grim death-filled days of the storming of the Adolf Hitler Line and on a ways.

The book deals with many kinds of "execution", friend, foe and man himself. The main character, Lieutenant Adam, Bazin, Rifleman Jones and the Padre and the rest of the Canadian soldiers all start out as untested warriors but they are soon exposed to all the horrors of war. This is basically a book concerning the psychological effects of war upon the human mind.

The execution of two Italian prisoners starts the chain of events and from this point on the various emotional upsets and the vicious battles all add to the changes which continually take place in the book's characters. The execution of Rifleman Jones is the final factor of Adam's and the Padre's adjustment to war and the unnatural way of life it forces upon people.

A very interesting story told with compelling force by a good author.

\*\*\*\*\*

SUGGESTED READING

King Rat	James Clavell
The Count of Monte Cristo	Alexander Dumas
The Mouse That Roared	Leonard Wibberley
The Darkness and the Dawn	Thomas B. Costain
The Death of a President	William Manchester
Tomorrow	Phillip Wylie
Disputed Passage	Lloyd C. Douglas

# **Music**

BEASTIE



Here I am again cats! Hope you are all prepared for my interesting and informative column again this month. It is really too bad that the mag isn't published every week or something 'cause I have so many little tid-bits to impart that this monthly bit is a drag.

As I said last month, the program "Undercurrent" from downtown Kingston is a real gas. Hope all who are able to have followed the Beastie's (their guru) lead and now tune in every week day night for this boss program.

The last album I heard on there was by the Byrd's. It was their new one called the "Byrd Brothers" and for my money it was terrible. There is a group that has really slipped a long ways from the days of "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Eight Miles High." I hope they soon regain the touch or else they'll be left way behind by all the new groupies coming up nowadays.

One of the better groups you hear is Paul Revere and the Raiders. From all reports they have one of the most exciting stage act in rock music and if the T.V. show "Happening '68" is any example of their carryings on then they must be a natural gas. Their records have all appealed to me but I think their grooviest release was "Good Thing" with their latest, "Too Much Talk" coming a close second. Their biggest asset is Mark Lindsay, who along Paul Revere are the only original Raiders left. There have been numerous changes within the group but they have still kept their boss sound. Mark's voice is the real sound of the Raider's and I think they would be in much trouble if he should ever leave the group. This isn't too likely though because he and Paul keep investing their money into the group. The way I see it you can look to be hearing many groovy songs from them in the days to come.

One individual artist who completely blows my mind is Donovan. He keeps putting out the hits, all of them very poetically written in addition to having a good melody. Even with writing poetic lyrics Donovan manages to get his messages across clearly without having to make use of garbled abstract meanings like a great number of songwriters do today. Ever since the record "Sunshine Superman" first brought him to my attention I have heard nothing but groovy sounds from him. His newest release, "Jennifer Juniper" which is on the charts now, is a complete gas and is one disc I would be sure and grab if I was in a position where I could do so. But then there are an awful lot of records on the charts now that I would like to have. My picks for the ten best this month are:

- |                       |                           |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Lady Madonna       | Beatles                   |
| 2. Jennifer Juniper   | Donovan                   |
| 3. Too Much Talk      | Paul Revere & the Raiders |
| 4. Honey              | Bobby Goldsboro           |
| 5. Valerie            | Monkees                   |
| 6. Dance to the Music | Sly & the Family Stone    |
| 7. I Need a Friend    | Cowsills                  |
| 8. How Many Tomorrows | Strawberry Alarm Clock    |
| 9. Sadie              | John Parnum               |
| 10. Young Girl        | Union Gap                 |

There they are for another month, my favourite listening discs. This is just about the first time songs have lasted from one month to another as there have been so many good releases lately that I keep switching my tastes from one to another. This time though I just had to stick with some of the hits from last month. The Union Gap in particular surprise me, if they can keep coming up with hits they may very well make quite a name for themselves in the record business.

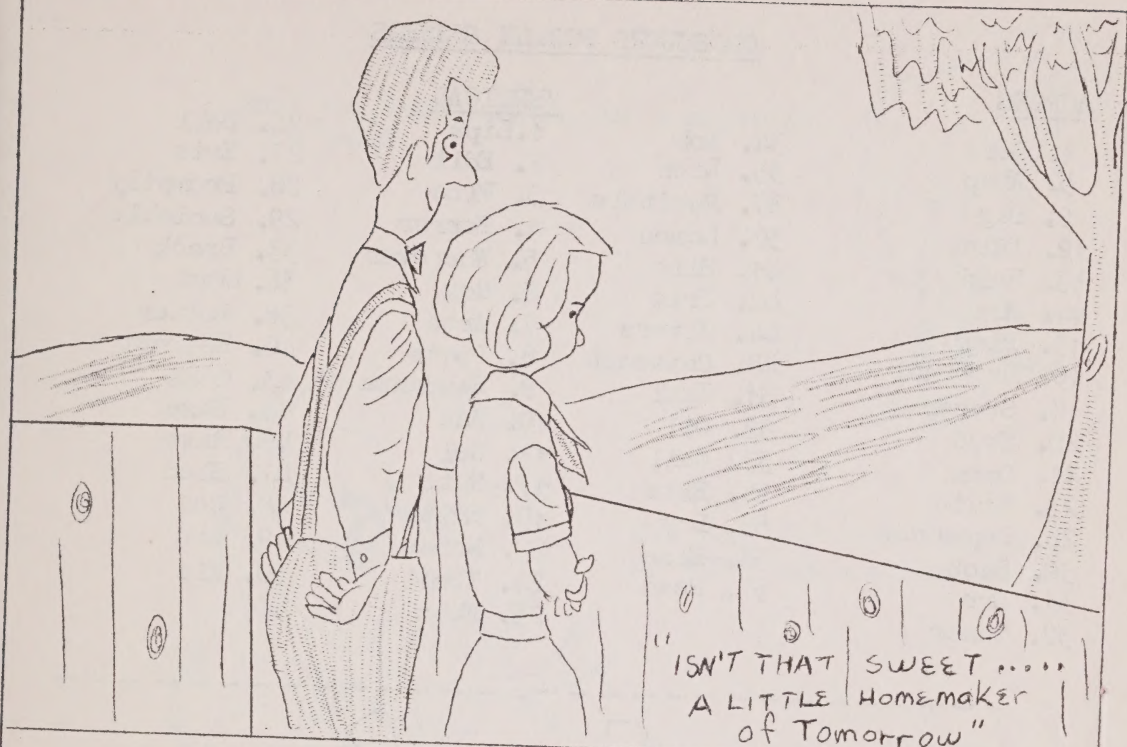
As I said last month I'm going to start adding a song every month with the guitar chords. Now that the editor has agreed to lend me his books for material there shouldn't be too much trouble. Then too there is that associate type editor John Bootle that he has who is a bit of help in that regard. The guy plays a boss guitar. The song for this month is "Hey Baby" by the Buckingham.

SONG P.R.I.D.E

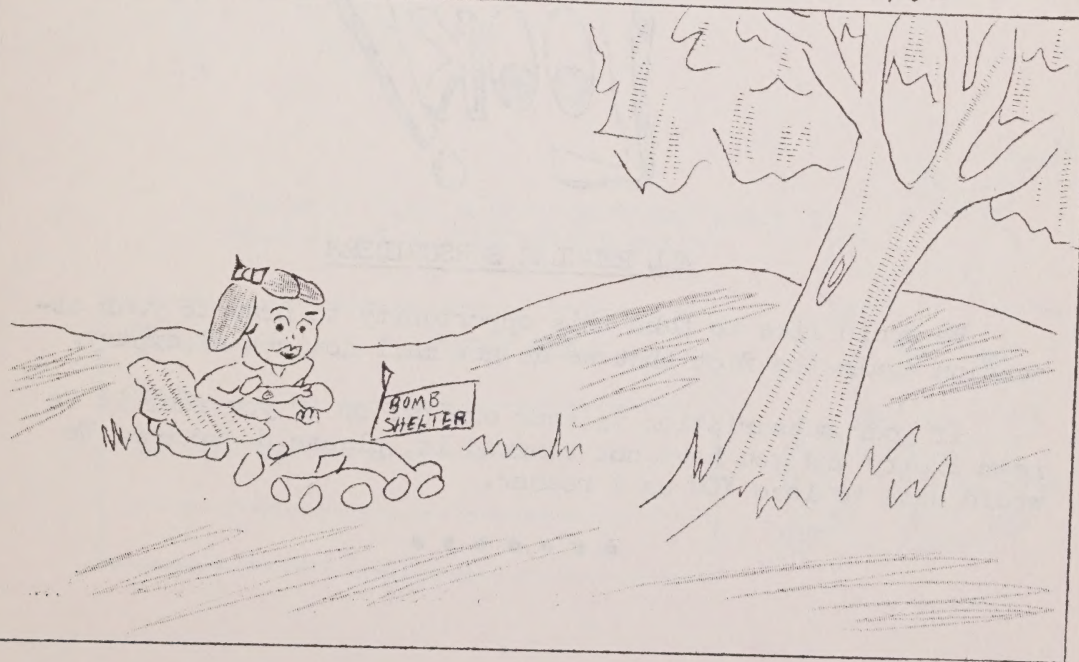
HEY BABY  
(THEY'RE PLAYIN' OUR SONG)

The Buckingham

A-Bmi7                      A                      Bmi7  
Hey baby, they're playing our song  
C#mi    D                      E  
The one we used to hear when we used to get along  
A-Bmi7                      A                      Bmi7  
Hey baby, they're playing our song  
C#mi  
Let's get back together  
D                      E  
That's where we belong  
C#mi    D                      C#mi,D,E  
It's the one with the pretty melody  
C#mi    D                      C#mi,D,E  
It's the one that made you fall in love with me  
Bmi    C#mi7  
It made us feel so groovy  
D    E  
We fell in love - just like in the movies  
A-Bmi7                      A                      Bmi7  
Hey baby, they're playing our song  
C#mi7    D                      E  
The one we used to hear when we used to get along  
A-Bmi7                      A                      Bmi7  
Hey baby, they're playing our song  
C#mi  
Let's get back together  
D                      E  
That's where we belong  
C#mi    D                      C#mi,D,E  
Pleasant memories a-comin' back to me  
C#mi    D                      C#mi,D,E  
Ah.....can't you remember the way it used to be  
Bmi    C#mi7  
Ah.....it made us feel like dancin'  
D    E  
It gave us time to think about romancin'  
A-Bmi7  
Hey Baby



"ISN'T THAT SWEET ....  
A LITTLE HOMEMAKER  
of Tomorrow"



## CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

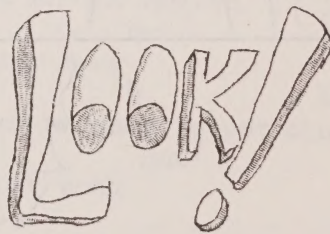
### ACROSS

- 1. Left
- 5. Wrap
- 9. Bag
- 12. Idle
- 13. Herd
- 14. Ade
- 15. Pier
- 16. External
- 18. Starer
- 20. Stud
- 21. Omen
- 23. State
- 26. Deprives
- 30. Snob
- 31. Err
- 32. Tenor

- 34. Nob
- 35. Lion
- 37. Recitals
- 39. Lemon
- 41. Silo
- 42. Prig
- 44. Alters
- 48. Catacomb
- 51. Taal
- 52. Oil
- 53. Hail
- 54. Este
- 55. Dry
- 56. Else
- 57. Reed

### VERTICAL

- 1. Lips
- 2. Edit
- 3. Flea
- 4. Terror
- 5. Wherever
- 6. Rex
- 7. Arts
- 8. Poets
- 9. Bandanna
- 10. Ada
- 11. Gel
- 17. Ruts
- 19. Emit
- 22. Nenes
- 24. Tool
- 25. Ebbs
- 26. Dell
- 27. Erie
- 28. Promptly
- 29. Sociable
- 33. Brock
- 36. Nora
- 38. Totter
- 40. Retreat
- 43. Goal
- 45. Ease
- 46. Rate
- 47. Sled
- 48. Cod
- 49. Air
- 50. Mis



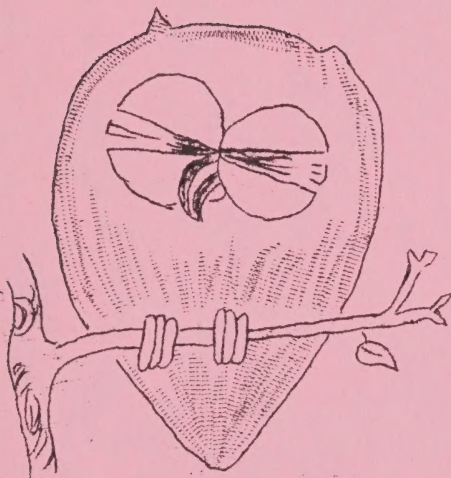
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\* \* \* \* \*

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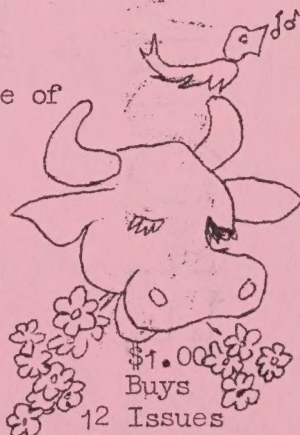
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